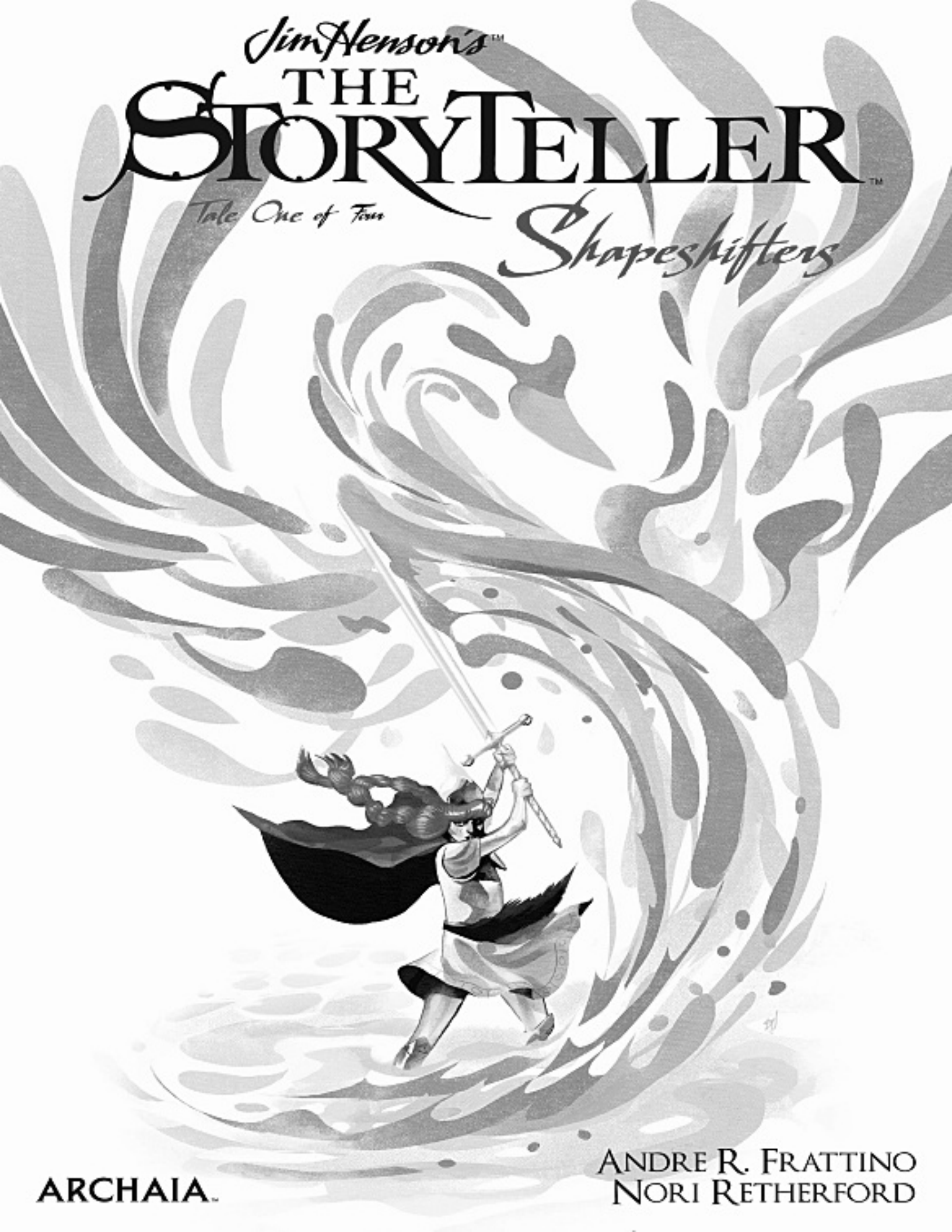
Jim Henson's™

THE STORYTELLER™

Tale One of Four

Shapeshifters



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ARCHAIA™

THE CHILDREN of LIR

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MY! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU HAVE IN YOUR MOUTH?
MMPH, MMPH ERMMPH!
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
PTOOY!
I SAID, IT'S A JOURNAL, FOR YOU.
A JOURNAL? WHATEVER FOR?
FOR YOUR STORIES, OF COURSE!
I FIGURED, WITH AS MANY STORIES AS YOU KNOW, YOU COULD WRITE THEM ALL DOWN AND BECOME FAMOUS!

POPPYCOCK! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN FAME AND FORTUNE! THAT'S NOT WHY I TELL THE STORIES.
HRRMPH?
THEN WHY DO YOU TELL THEM?
TO ANSWER THAT, I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU A TALE...
THE TUATHA DÉ DANANN WERE A CLAN OF SUPERNATURAL BEINGS WHO EXISTED ON THE SHORES OF IRELAND.
SO ENLIGHTENED WERE THEY, THAT ALL THEY TOUCHED SHINED WITH AN ETHEREAL GLOW.
THE TUATHA DÉ DANANN WERE LED BY LORD LIR, WHOSE FOUR CHILDREN POSSESSED A TENACITY THAT STRENGTHENED SPIRITS ACROSS THE LAND.
FIONNA WAS THE FIERCEST OF THE CHILDREN. BORN WITH A WARRIOR'S HEART, HER BLADE WAS NEARLY AS SHARP AS HER TONGUE.
AODH, THE PEACEMAKER. ALWAYS SEEKING THE PATH DEVOID OF CONFLICT...WHICH OFTEN PUT HIM AT ODDS WITH HIS BIG SISTER.
AND THE TWINS, FIACHRA AND CONN, KNOWN FOR THEIR RAMBUNCTIOUS SPIRITS AND KNACK FOR FINDING TROUBLE.
USUALLY, THE CHILDREN SANG GREAT SONGS TO BOLSTER THE SPIRITS OF THE TUATHA DÉ DANANN...
BUT WITH THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THEIR MOTHER, THE CHILDREN'S VOICES TURNED SORROWFUL, TOUCHING THE HEARTS OF ALL WHO MOURNED THEIR LOSS.
WELL...NOT ALL.

LORD LIR ALLOWED HIMSELF NO TIME TO GRIEVE THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, NOR TO RELIEVE THE LAMENT OF HIS CHILDREN.
ONLY THE LONGEVITY OF HIS FAME WAS WORTHY OF HIS ATTENTION.
THE OTHER UNWAVERING SOUL BELONGED TO THE CHILDREN'S UNCLE, DAIN.
PREOCCUPIED WITH THE COMING CONQUESTS, LIR APPOINTED DAIN RULER BY PROXY.
IT DIDN'T TAKE DAIN LONG TO BECOME CONSUMED WITH HIS NEW POSITION--HE GORGED HIMSELF ON IT, ROOTING FOR EVERY MORSEL OF CONTROL.
HE HAD BECOME SEDENTARY IN HIS WAYS, AND FEARED THE CHILDREN WOULD ONE DAY UNSEAT HIM FROM HIS POSITION.
SO HE CONCOCTED A SOLUTION. YOU SEE, DAIN WAS LIR'S HALF-BROTHER. HIS MOTHER WAS THE INFAMOUS CELTIC WITCH CARMAN AND SHE--
SLOW DOWN! SLOW DOWN! I'M TRYING TO WRITE THIS ALL AS YOU GO!
HMMPH. WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR SOME FINGERS AND A THUMB!

AHEM! AS I WAS SAYING...CARMAN HAD TAUGHT HER SON THE WAYS OF DARK MAGIC.
BUT HE CONCEALED HIS POWERS FROM LORD LIR, WHO HAD DECLARED THE USE OF MAGIC PUNISHABLE BY DEATH.
DEATH WAS NOT ON DAIN'S AGENDA, AND SO...
M'LORD, MAY I HAVE A WORD?
MAKE IT A QUICK WORD, DAIN. I HAVEN'T ALL DAY TO PRATTLE. THERE ARE LANDS TO WIN AND STORIES OF MY GREATNESS TO BE WRITTEN!
THAT'S RIGHT! WE HAVE A LEGACY TO SECURE!
FIONNA HAD ALWAYS TAKEN AFTER HER FATHER'S WARRIOR WAYS, BUT WITH THE LOSS OF HER MOTHER...
...SHE BECAME EVEN MORE OBSESSED WITH HER FATHER'S MISSION.
OF COURSE. IT'S JUST THAT, WITH THE RECENT SAD TIDINGS, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A NICE CHANGE OF PACE FOR THE CHILDREN IF I TOOK THEM FOR A RIDE THROUGH THE COUNTRY.
THEY LOOK AS IF THEY COULD USE THE DISTRACTION...
SORRY, AODH, BUT I'M AFRAID THIS TABLE IS FOR ADULTS AND WARRIORS ONLY.
IT'S NO PLACE FOR CHILDREN.
YOU'RE ONLY A YEAR OLDER THAN ME, FIONNA!
WHICH MEANS YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE A REAL WARRIOR!

MORE OF A WARRIOR THAN YOU ARE, WITH THOSE FEEBLE ARMS!
YOU'RE NASTY! NO WONDER NONE OF THE OTHER CHILDREN WANTS TO PLAY WITH YOU!
I HAVE NO INTEREST IN THEIR CHILDISH GAMES!
NO, YOU'RE TOO BUSY PLAYING WITH YOUR DUMB DOLLS!
THESE ARE FIGURINES AND THEY ARE NOT DUMB!
THEY'RE NOT DUMB. YOU ARE!
ENOUGH!
DAIN, I COULDN'T AGREE MORE. TAKE THE CHILDREN TO... WHATEVER IT WAS YOU HAD PLANNED FOR THEM...
...INCLUDING FIONNA.
WHAT?!
NOW, WHERE WERE WE BEFORE ALL THAT NONSENSE?
COME ALONG, CHILDREN.
BUT... BUT...
AND SO DAIN TOOK THE CHILDREN FROM THEIR HOME--ACROSS THE HILLS, THROUGH THE WOODS, AND OVER THE BABBLING BROOKS. FAR, FAR AWAY...
WHERE THEIR END WOULD NOT BE HEARD BY A SINGLE SOUL.

IT'S BEEN A LONG RIDE. WHY DON'T WE REST BY THIS LAKE? TAKE A FEW MOMENTS TO FRESHEN UP BEFORE THE RIDE HOME?
WE DON'T WANT TO RETURN WITH OUR FEATHERS ALL RUFFLED, DO WE? Heh heh.
I DON'T TRUST UNCLE DAIN. HE'S UP TO SOMETHING.
YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME WITH FATHER.
MEANING?
YOU THINK EVERYONE IS JUST LIKE THOSE STUPID "FIGURINES" ON THE TABLE...AN ENEMY. YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING THAT'S NOT THE KEY TO YOUR "GREATNESS."
THERE'S NO CRIME IN SEEKING TO BETTER ONESELF.
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS, AODH.
JEALOUS? OF WHAT?
THAT FATHER CHOOSES TO SPEND HIS TIME WITH ME AND NOT YOU.
IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK IS GOING ON?

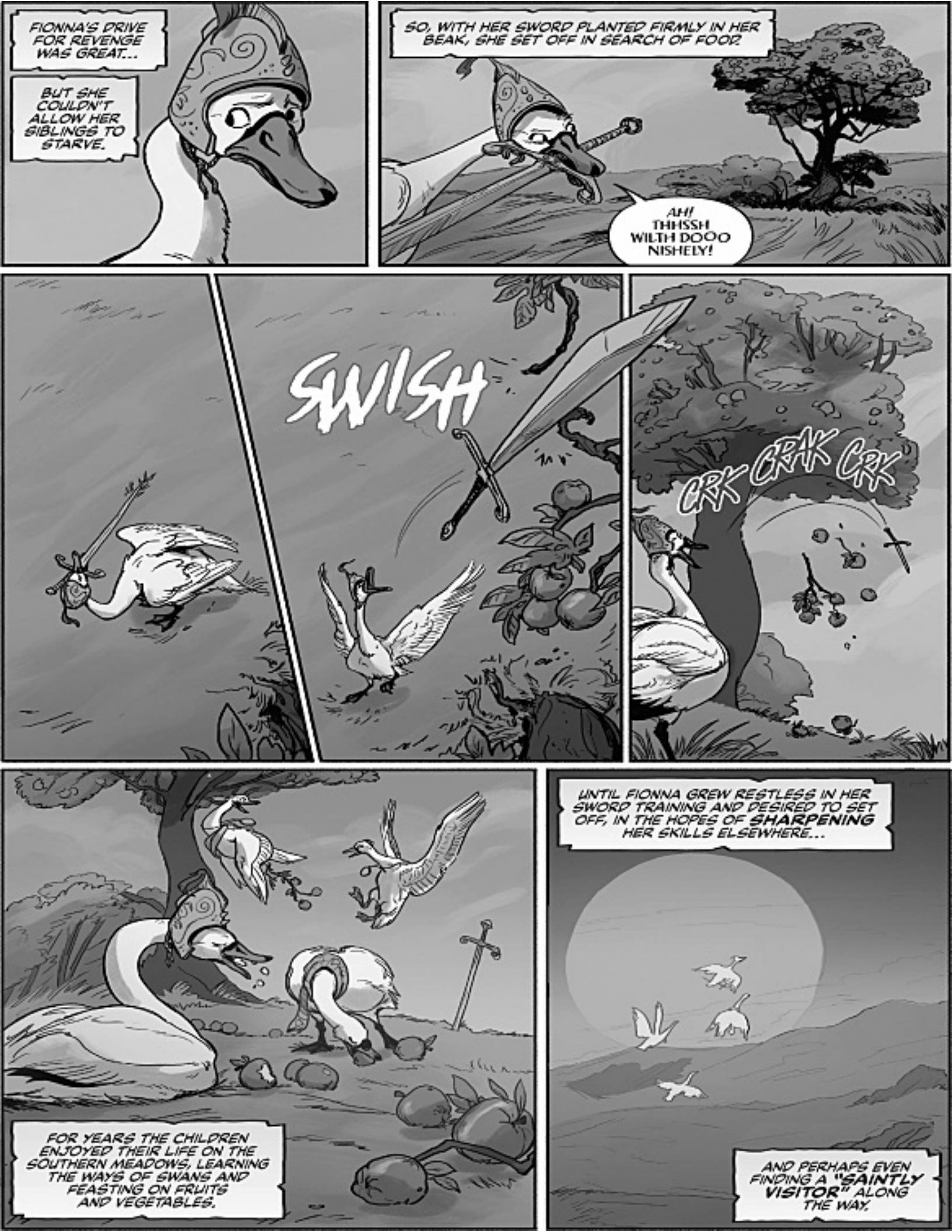
OUR FATHER SPENDS HIS TIME ON ONLY ONE THING, AND IT'S NOT PLAYING WITH--
AAIIEEEEE!
THE TWINS!
FIACHRA?! CONN?!
IT'S DARK MAGIC! SOME CURSE HAS GOTTEN A HOLD OF THEM FROM THE WATER!
A CURSE? B-BUT FROM WHO?
WHO ELSE?
HA! SO END THE CHILDREN OF LIR!
GOING OUT OF THIS LIFE THE WAY THEY LIVED IT... BICKERING!
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A SLIMY, NO-GOOD, GLUTTON FOR THE CROWN!
WHY NOT DO AWAY WITH THESE MAGIC TRICKS AND TAKE ME ON STEEL-TO-STEEL, UNCLE?

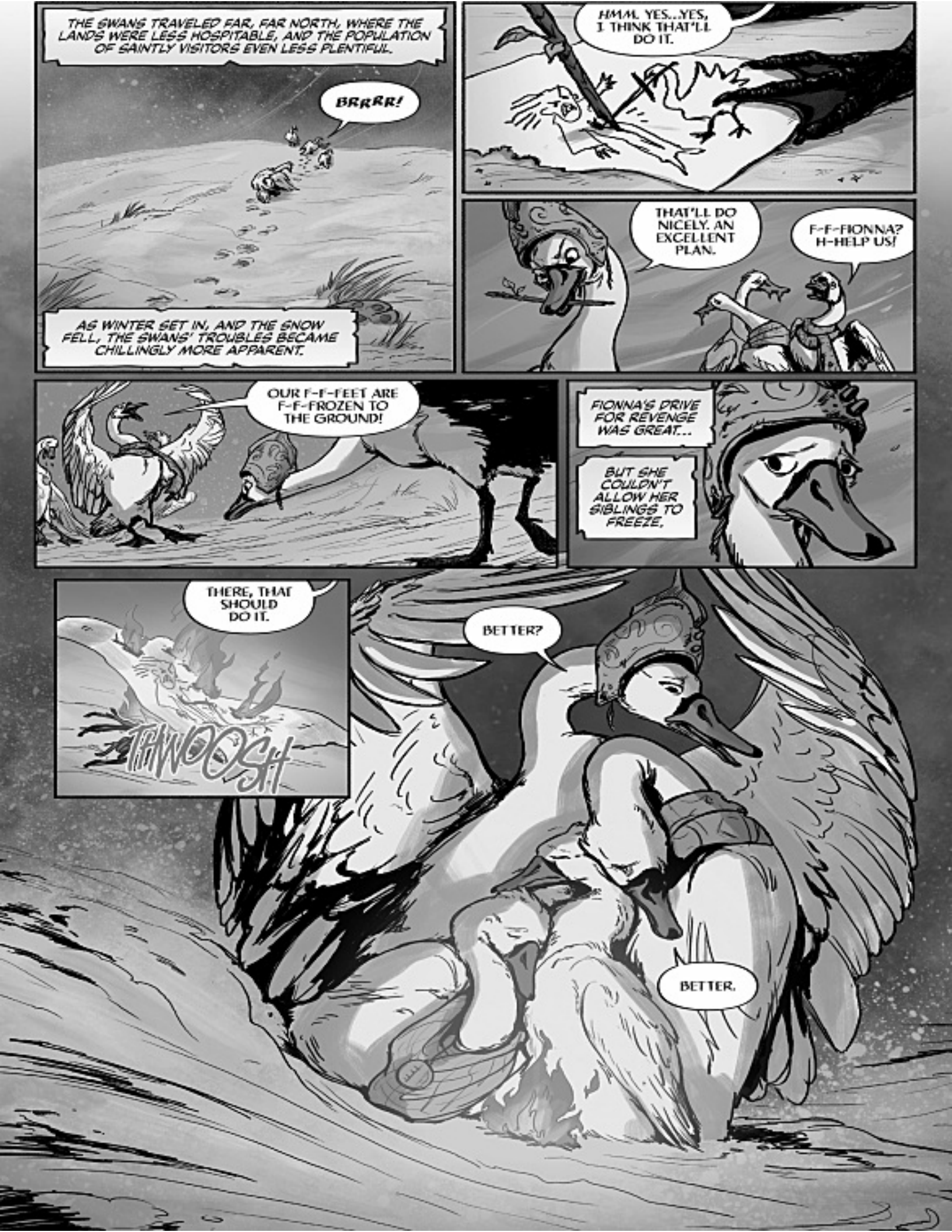
BECAUSE, MY DEAR NIECE, NOT ALL OF US ARE AS CANNY WITH A BLADE AS YOU ARE. SOME OF US PREFER TO STRIKE FROM A DISTANCE. IT'S NOT ONLY SAFER...IT'S SMARTER.
IT'S UNFAIR IS WHAT IT IS! AND YOU'RE A DIRTY CHEAT!
A CHEAT, YOU SAY? NAY, SWEET FIONNA! I AM FAR FROM A CHEAT.
IN FACT, I FOLLOW THE RULES OF CURSES MOST STRICTLY, YOU SEE, NO CURSE CAN BE SET WITHOUT A CHANCE FOR IT TO BE BROKEN...
LISTEN TO THESE WORDS CLOSELY.
THE CHILDREN OF LIR MUST SET INTO MOTION THE SONG OF A FOREIGN LAND, PLAYED BY A SAINTLY VISITOR...
TOGETHER, THIS MUST BE ACHIEVED. ONLY THEN, THEIR TRUE FORMS SHALL THE CURSE RESTORE!
UNTIL THAT TIME COMES TO PASS--IF IT EVER DOES--ENJOY YOUR LIVES...
WOOOSH
...AS THE DAINTY AND FRAGILE LITTLE BIRDS THAT YOU ARE!
SWANS? HE TURNED THEM INTO SWANS?!

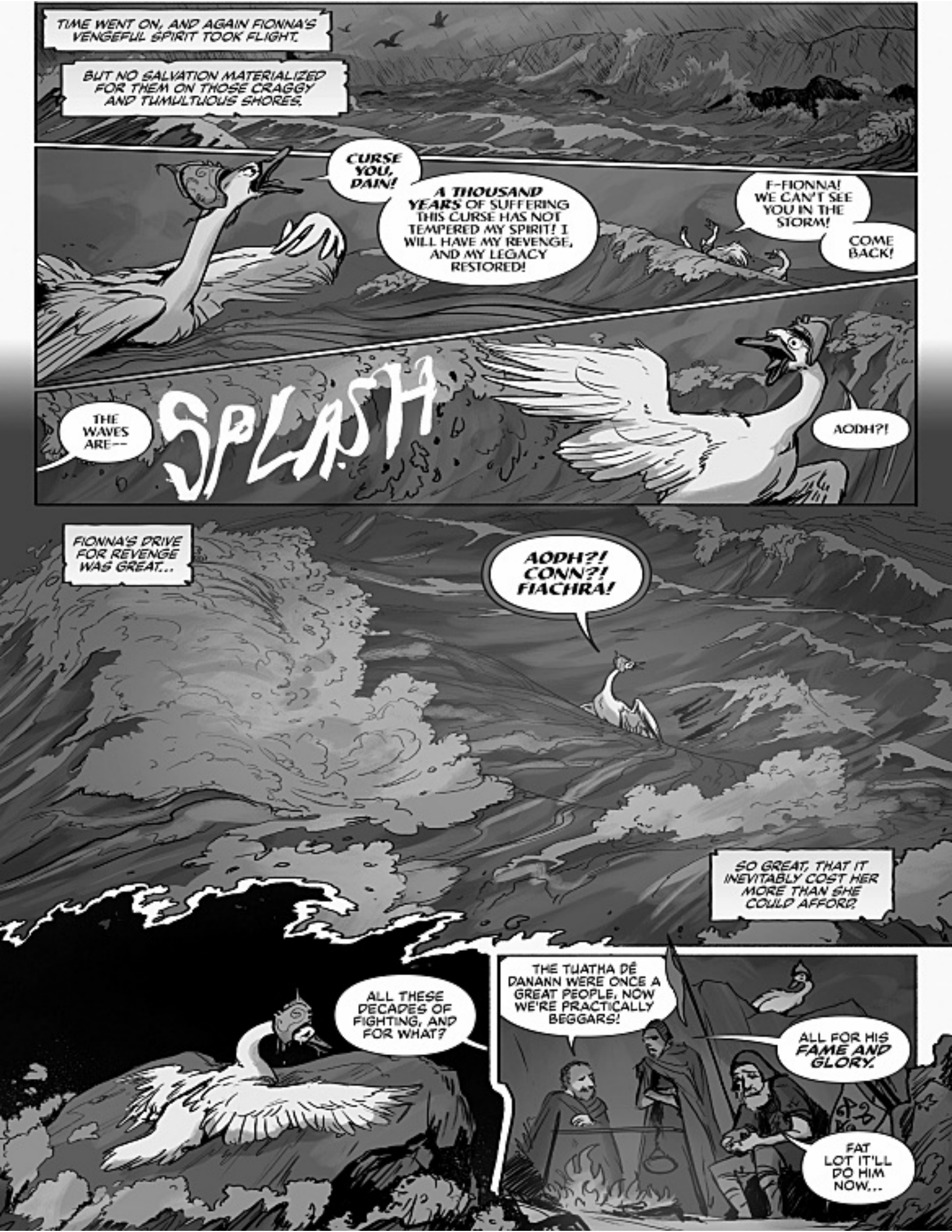
Huh. OF ALL THE THINGS TO BE TRANSFORMED INTO!
IRONIC, REALLY...
SWANS MAY LOOK DELICATE AND DEMURE...
...BUT THEY HAVE SHARP TONGUES FILLED WITH EVEN SHARPER TEETH!
WITH THE CURSE SET, DAIN ABANDONED THE CHILDREN TO STRUGGLE IN THEIR NEW AND NON-HUMAN FORMS.
FORTUNATELY, FIONNA'S DRIVE FOR REVENGE WAS GREAT.
SHE WAS A FAST LEARNER, AND AN EVEN FASTER TEACHER...
FINALLY!
GRR-RAK
IF IT TOOK YOU THREE ANY LONGER TO LEARN HOW TO USE YOUR WINGS, UNCLE DAIN WOULD HAVE BEATEN US HOME!
QUICK. WE MUST WARN FATHER!
FATHER? AS SOON AS HE SETS EYES ON US, HE'LL ROAST US OVER A SPIT! YOU KNOW HOW FOND HE IS OF FOWL.
NO, I AIM TO ARM MYSELF AND BRING THE BATTLE TO DAIN DIRECTLY!
FIONNA, THE TWINS ARE FRIGHTENED! WE MUST AT LEAST TRY TO GET OUR FATHER'S ATTENTION.
PERHAPS IF HE HEARS OUR VOICES BEFORE SEEING OUR FACES, HE'LL THINK BEFORE HE STRIKES.
FINE...
LET US CALL OUT TO OUR FATHER THROUGH SONG. IF HE COMES, WE'LL KNOW WE ARE SAVED.

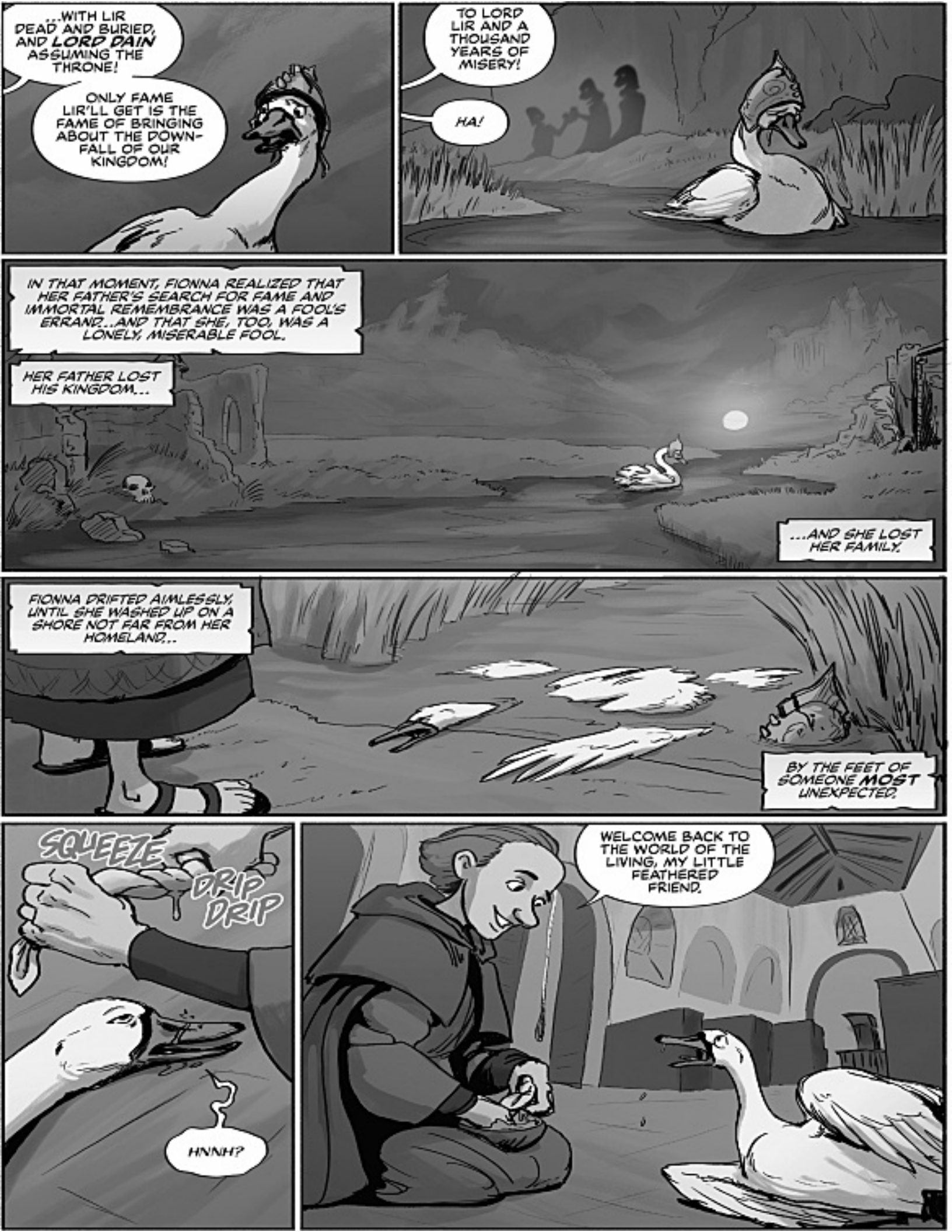
"IF NOT, THEN WE ARE ON OUR OWN..."
THE SWANS SANG OUT TO LORD LIR...
STRONGER AND MORE PASSIONATELY THAN EVER.
YET THE CHILDREN'S VOICES FELL ON DEAF EARS, AS FAR AS LORD LIR WAS CONCERNED.
WHAT A RACKET! CAN'T ANYONE UNDERSTAND I'M TRYING TO SECURE MY LEGACY?
THEY SANG AND THEY SANG, LONG AFTER NIGHT FELL. AND WHEN IT WAS OBVIOUS THEIR FATHER WOULD NOT ANSWER THEM, AODH ASKED THE QUESTION...
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE CAN'T STAY HERE. DAIN WILL HAVE OUR NECKS.
WE'LL TAKE FLIGHT, AND SEE IF WE CAN'T FIND A SOLUTION TO OUR CURSE ON OUR OWN.
FIONNA LED HER BROTHERS ACROSS THE NIGHT, AWAY FROM THEIR HOME AND ON TOWARD AN UNCERTAIN DESTINY.
FROM HERE, THE CHILDREN OF LIR COULD ONLY DEPEND ON ONE THING...
...THEMSELVES.

THE CHILDREN FLEW FOR WHAT FELT LIKE FOREVER AND A DAY...
...UNTIL THEIR SITUATION BEGAN TO TAKE ITS TOLL.
FLYING IS HARD WORK!
GRUMBLE!
THERE, THERE, WE'LL FIND SOME FOOD SOON, I PROMISE.
GRRRRR!
AH-HA!
SWISH
DID YOU SEE THAT? WITH A LITTLE MORE PRACTICE, I'LL BE READY TO TAKE ON DAIN!
EVEN WITHOUT MY FINGERS AND THUMBS!
HOW WONDERFUL FOR YOU.
PERHAPS YOU COULD FIRST PUT YOUR NEW SKILLS TO A DIFFERENT USE?
SUCH AS HELPING US FIND A WAY TO FILL OUR BELLIES? WE'RE STARVING!


FIONNA'S DRIVE FOR REVENGE WAS GREAT...
BUT SHE COULDN'T ALLOW HER SIBLINGS TO STARVE.
SO, WITH HER SWORD PLANTED FIRMLY IN HER BEAK, SHE SET OFF IN SEARCH OF FOOD.
AH! THHSSH WILTH DOOO NISHELY!
SWISH
CRK CRAK CRK
FOR YEARS THE CHILDREN ENJOYED THEIR LIFE ON THE SOUTHERN MEADOWS, LEARNING THE WAYS OF SWANS AND FEASTING ON FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.
UNTIL FIONNA GREW RESTLESS IN HER SWORD TRAINING AND DESIRED TO SET OFF, IN THE HOPES OF SHARPENING HER SKILLS ELSEWHERE...
AND PERHAPS EVEN FINDING A "SAINTLY VISITOR" ALONG THE WAY.


THE SWANS TRAVELED FAR, FAR NORTH, WHERE THE LANDS WERE LESS HOSPITABLE, AND THE POPULATION OF SAINTLY VISITORS EVEN LESS PLENTIFUL.
BRRRR!
AS WINTER SET IN, AND THE SNOW FELL, THE SWANS' TROUBLES BECAME CHILLINGLY MORE APPARENT.
HMM. YES...YES, I THINK THAT'LL DO IT.
THAT'LL DO NICELY. AN EXCELLENT PLAN.
F-F-FIONNA? H-HELP US!
OUR F-F-FEET ARE F-F-FROZEN TO THE GROUND!
FIONNA'S DRIVE FOR REVENGE WAS GREAT...
BUT SHE COULDN'T ALLOW HER SIBLINGS TO FREEZE.
THERE, THAT SHOULD DO IT.
THWOOSH
BETTER?
BETTER.


TIME WENT ON, AND AGAIN FIONNA'S VENGEFUL SPIRIT TOOK FLIGHT.
BUT NO SALVATION MATERIALIZED FOR THEM ON THOSE CRAGGY AND TUMULTUOUS SHORES.
CURSE YOU, DAIN!
A THOUSAND YEARS OF SUFFERING THIS CURSE HAS NOT TEMPERED MY SPIRIT! I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE, AND MY LEGACY RESTORED!
F-FIONNA! WE CAN'T SEE YOU IN THE STORM!
COME BACK!
THE WAVES ARE--
SPLASH
AODH?!
FIONNA'S DRIVE FOR REVENGE WAS GREAT...
AODH?! CONN?! FIACHRA!
SO GREAT, THAT IT INEVITABLY COST HER MORE THAN SHE COULD AFFORD.
ALL THESE DECADES OF FIGHTING, AND FOR WHAT?
THE TUATHA DÉ DANANN WERE ONCE A GREAT PEOPLE, NOW WE'RE PRACTICALLY BEGGARS!
ALL FOR HIS FAME AND GLORY.
FAT LOT IT'LL DO HIM NOW...


...WITH LIR DEAD AND BURIED, AND LORD DAIN ASSUMING THE THRONE!
ONLY FAME LIR'LL GET IS THE FAME OF BRINGING ABOUT THE DOWN-FALL OF OUR KINGDOM!
TO LORD LIR AND A THOUSAND YEARS OF MISERY!
HA!
IN THAT MOMENT, FIONNA REALIZED THAT HER FATHER'S SEARCH FOR FAME AND IMMORTAL REMEMBRANCE WAS A FOOL'S ERRAND...AND THAT SHE, TOO, WAS A LONELY, MISERABLE FOOL.
HER FATHER LOST HIS KINGDOM...
...AND SHE LOST HER FAMILY.
FIONNA DRIFTED AIMLESSLY, UNTIL SHE WASHED UP ON A SHORE NOT FAR FROM HER HOMELAND...
BY THE FEET OF SOMEONE MOST UNEXPECTED.
SQUEEZE
DRIP DRIP
HNNH?
WELCOME BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, MY LITTLE FEATHERED FRIEND.

WH-WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?
GASP IT SPEAKS!
AFTER MUCH BEWILDERMENT ON BOTH SIDES, FIONNA AND HER RESCUER SHARED THEIR STORIES OVER A WARM BOWL OF BROTH.
I TRAVELED HERE FROM THE CONTINENT, BUILT THIS CHAPEL, AND SET OUT TO SPREAD THE GOOD WORD...
YET ALL I'VE FOUND ARE TOPPLED BUILDINGS AND EMPTY STOMACHS. WAR AND RUIN SEEM TO BE ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR THE POOR SOULS OF THIS LAND.
I FEAR I MAY BE PARTLY TO BLAME FOR THAT...
A TALKING SWAN? RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WRETCHES OF THIS PLACE?
I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE.
ALL THE SAME, I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS.
I AM BUT A SIMPLE MONK, I HAVE NO NEED FOR COINS OR BAUBLES.
WHERE I COME FROM, OUR GREATEST GIFT IS IN SONG...
FIONNA, HAVING SO LITTLE LEFT TO GIVE, BEGAN TO SING THE SADDEST AND SWEETEST OF SONGS...
NOT ONLY FOR THE MONK, BUT FOR HER LOST LANDS, HER PEOPLE...AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, FOR HER BROTHERS.
HER VOICE CARRIED ACROSS THE LANDS, THROUGH THE MEADOWS, THE FORESTS, AND THE SHORES.
IT HAD BEEN SO LONG SINCE ANY OF THE CHILDREN OF LIR'S VOICES HAD BEEN HEARD, IT BEGAN TO BRIGHTEN SPIRITS ACROSS THE COUNTRY...

ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE CITY RUINS OF THE TUATHA DÉ DANANN, A SHADOW OF THEIR ONCE-PROSPEROUS AND OTHERWORLDLY GLORY...
TO THE ONCE-GREAT THRONE ROOM THAT THE CHILDREN OF LIR SANG IN A LIFETIME BEFORE...
INTO THE EARS OF THE FIEND RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAD, FOWL STATE.
Huh?!
TH-THAT VOICE... COULD IT BE?
AFTER ALL THIS TIME--THE CHILDREN OF LIR COULD BE CLOSE TO BREAKING THE CURSE!
AND IF I KNOW THAT WRETCHED FIONNA, SHE'LL COME LOOKING FOR ME!
WELL, I WON'T LET HER GET THAT CHANCE!
BZZZT
SQUEEEEEEEE

AS FIONNA FINISHED HER SONG, THE MONK FELT TRANSFORMED.
SPLENDID! SPLENDID! WHAT AN EXCELLENT GIFT.
THANK YOU. IF ONLY MY BROTHERS WERE STILL HERE--
RRUMBLE
DO-DO YOU HEAR THAT?!
IT SOUNDS LIKE... HOOVES?
KA-PLOW
DAIN TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A BEAST REFLECTIVE OF HIS OWN INNER GREED AND CORRUPTION--A MASSIVE BOAR, WITH HUGE TUSKS...
...ALL THE SHARPER TO SKEWER AN UNSUSPECTING SWAN.
WELL, WELL, SWEET FIONNA. AT FIRST I WAS WORRIED YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS WERE ABOUT TO BECOME A PROBLEM FOR ME...
AND YET, I FIND YOU HERE... ALL ALONE. NO BROTHERS IN SIGHT.
NOW, IF YOU'LL HOLD STILL, I'LL STAMP OUT WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR PATHETIC LIFE, AND--
OOOF! WHAT?
FINK

GET AWAY FROM OUR SISTER, YOU PIG!
OR FACE THE WRATH OF THE CHILDREN OF LIR!
THE CHILDREN OF LIR! TOGETHER! B-BUT HOW?!

SNIP-
SNAP
WE'VE HAD A LIFETIME TO PUT ASIDE OUR DIFFERENCES, THANKS TO YOU!

AS THE MONK CAME TO AND SAW THE LARGE BOAR DOING BATTLE WITH THE GAGGLE OF SWANS, HE WAS REMINDED OF HIS YOUTH ON THE CONTINENT...
HOW, WHEN HE AND HIS KIN WOULD HUNT WILD BOAR, THEY WERE OFTEN CORRALLED BY THE BANGING AND CLATTERING OF DRUMS.

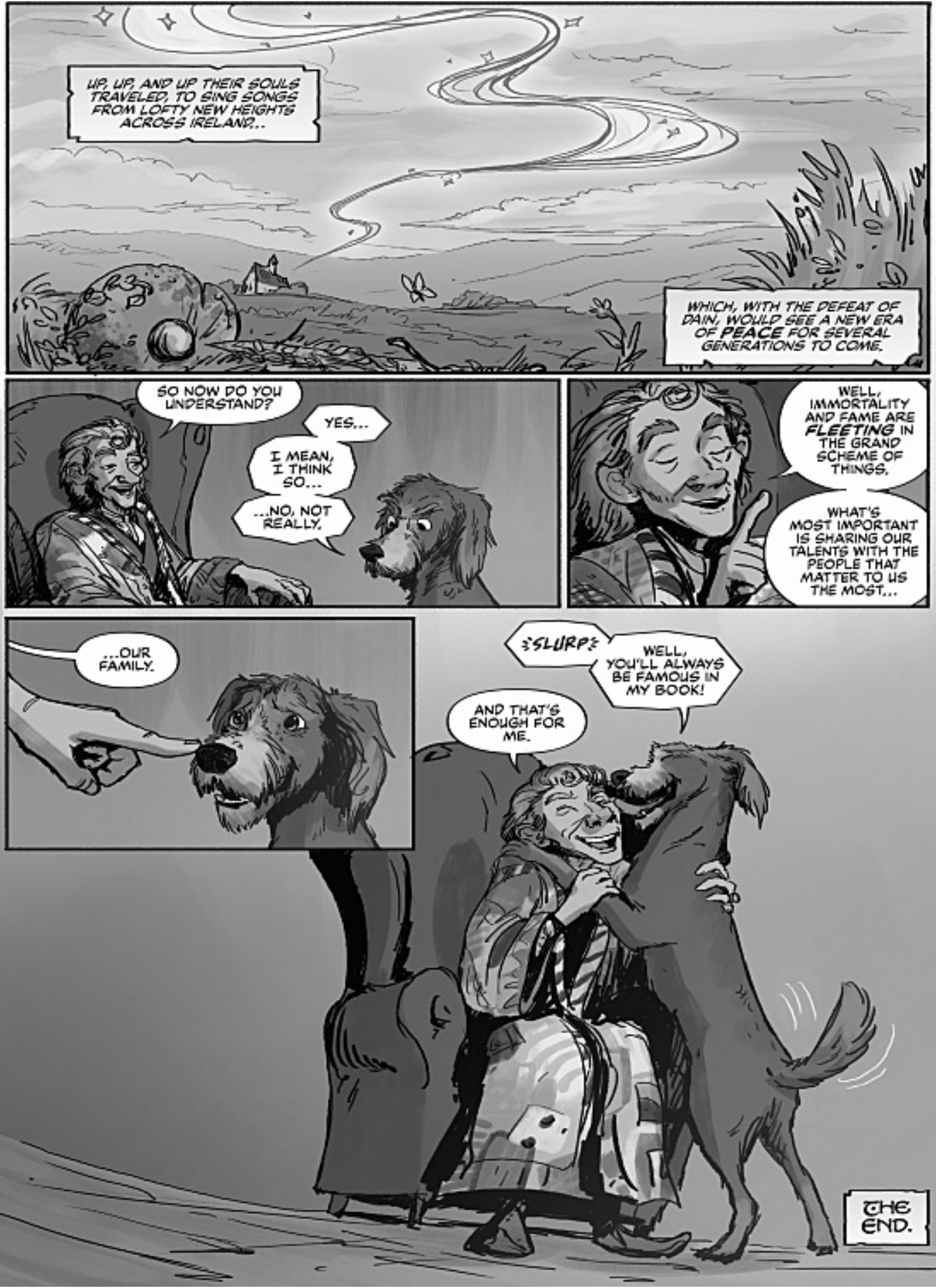
THE MONK HAD NO DRUMS...
...BUT FORTUNATELY, HE HAD JUST PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS CHAPEL A DAY EARLIER.
WITH ANY LUCK...

THE SONG OF HIS HOLY MISSION WOULD YIELD THE SAME RESULT...
GONG
GONG

GING
GONG
GING
AND PERHAPS MUCH MORE...

GAH! MY EARS!
FOR YOU SEE, THE BELLS CHIMED A FOREIGN TUNE...
PLAYED BY A DEVOUT VISITOR...
HUZZAH! FINGERS AND THUMBS!
SET IN MOTION BY THE CHILDREN OF LIR. UNITED.
AND I KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO WITH THEM!
SNATCH
SNAP
NOOOO! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, GIRL?! YOU'VE TRAPPED ME IN THIS FORM FOREVER!

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR A WARRIOR SUCH AS MYSELF, DEAR SWEET UNCLE.
AND SPEAKING OF...
I MUST SAY THAT A THOUSAND YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT IN THE BODY OF A SWAN HAS REALLY WORKED UP AN APPETITE.
EEK!
NOT LOOKING TO BE ANYONE'S MEAL, DAIN ESCAPED INTO THE NIGHT, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN.
SQUEEEE SQUEEEE
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU CAME FOR ME!
I-I WAS SO LOST.
SO WERE WE--BUT ONCE WE HEARD YOUR SONG, WE HAD TO COME. FOR WORSE AND FOR BETTER, WE'RE FAMILY!
GLORIOUS! I'M CERTAIN WHAT HAS JUST TRANSPIRED WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE GREATEST LEGEND OF THE LAND.
FIONNA, YOUR LEGACY IS ASSURED!
THANK YOU, BUT GLORY NO LONGER MATTERS TO ME...
ALL THAT MATTERS IS RIGHT HERE, IN MY HANDS.
WITH THE CURSE BROKEN, AND THEIR LIVES AT AN END, THE CHILDREN OF LIR LEFT THE REALM OF MEN BEHIND.


UP, UP, AND UP THEIR SOULS TRAVELED, TO SING SONGS FROM LOFTY NEW HEIGHTS ACROSS IRELAND...
WHICH, WITH THE DEFEAT OF DAIN, WOULD SEE A NEW ERA OF PEACE FOR SEVERAL GENERATIONS TO COME.
SO NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES...
I MEAN, I THINK SO...
...NO, NOT REALLY.
WELL, IMMORTALITY AND FAME ARE FLEETING IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS.
WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT IS SHARING OUR TALENTS WITH THE PEOPLE THAT MATTER TO US THE MOST...
...OUR FAMILY.
SLURP!
WELL, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE FAMOUS IN MY BOOK!
AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.
THE END.

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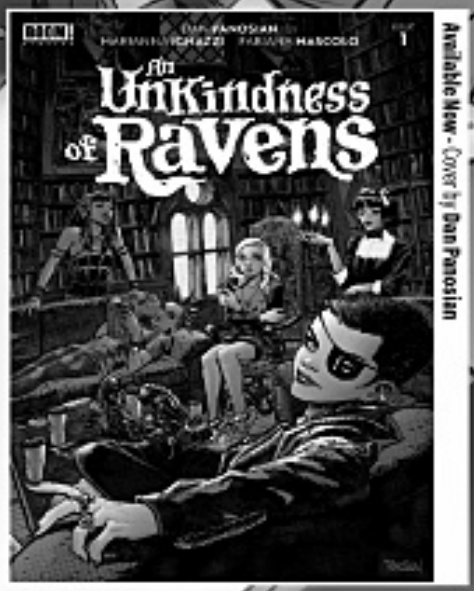

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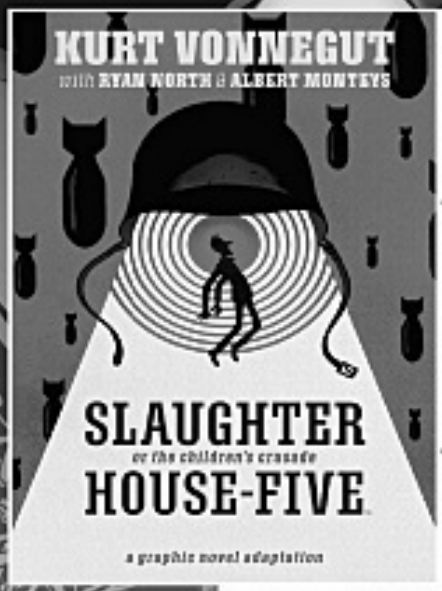

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